

Upper Wharfedale -

I. Bolton Abbey

Perhaps no part of England affords more delightful walking towers than the Deanery of Craven in the West-Riding. It is a mountain-country, with lovely valleys & sparkling streams, & its peculiar geological formation causes effects of light & colour as pleasing to the eye as they are interesting to the mind. Ruins of Abbey & castle, most picturesquely placed, & which belong many a romantic tale & historic memory, are freely scattered in the dale - that is, the habitable parts of this moorland district; while not even Sussex, or any one of the eastern counties, is so rich in churches of the most venerable antiquity.

Craven includes the upper courses of three rivers, which rise within a few miles of one another in the western moorlands; the Wharfe & the Ribbles, whose sources lie so close together that to all appearance a little spade labour might make one stream of them, & the more placid Aire which begins its career with eliot, as a considerable stream issuing from the base of the hills of limestone rocks. Of the three sister valleys, that of the Wharfe is at once the most beautiful & the most interesting; it is also the most secluded, for railway communication in the valley ends at Staley, & Upper Wharfedale - always excepting Bolton road which is a part of the railway.

with its incomparable air & enchanting prospects, is practically, terra incognita. When you may walk the highways for half a day without meeting a second wayfarer. Yet it is easy enough to travel here; the roads are good, the population is scattered in pleasant villages at easy distances, several of these have good inns for the accommodation of anglers - the Wharfe abounds in trout, & a 'Mail Omnibus' runs daily between Skipton & Buckden, the last considerable village in the valley.

The general credit of Wharfedale suffers from the very circumstance that it contains ^{Bolton Woods,} one of the loveliest ~~spots~~ ^{spots} in England, & on the other hand, the guide to Bolton Woods takes a certain discomfit of his admiration; says it is all very beautiful, quite perfect indeed, but for his part, he prefers the loveliness of nature left to herself. ^{But} ~~the fact is, the~~ scenery of the whole of Wharfedale is park-like; everywhere is a broad bottom of lawn-like pastures finely sprinkled with trees, ~~forming~~ ^{forming} ~~a~~ ^a ~~planned~~ ^{planned} ~~for the most part~~ ^{though} which the Wharfe winds between thickly wooded banks, while the fells which enclose the valley draw up to the river's brink, now on this side, now on that. Broken forest patches stretch all along these fells, creeping now & then far into the valley, & between the woods are green stretches of 'high pastures' while above the ~~green~~ ^{green} lower fells green over, the dark ruins of the moors.

1893-1894

to present at the great "Lease of Brighthelm Castle" which
Woodward as a "long" upon.

So, good Lord Henry did not neglect the duties of his
station. His descendant, the Lady Anne Clifford
herself, a most wise, valiant, amiable lady, describing
him as "a plain man, who lived in the most
part a country life, & came seldom either to court
or to London, excepting when called to Parliament
on such occasions he behaved bravely like a
wise & good English nobleman." Twice, at
anyrate, he held the King's commissions; & on
other occasions, when he was nearly sixty,
he led the men of Devon in the campaign that
ended in Gladden Field (1573):—

"From Penigant to Penile Kill
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts could tell,
They with the lusty Clifford came."—

The names fall short of the full story of Gladden with
Lord Clifford as he is seen in the Rolls of
Bolton Abbey.

The Shepherd, but 'was shy
Of men, & with half a dozen castles to choose from,
he loved best the solitude of Rarters, where he
cultivated a gentle friendship with the monks
of Bolton, who shared his delight in certain occult
stories. He spent much time in the restoration
of his various castles, which had been laid waste
during the long wars of the Roses.

Again, in the civil wars of Charles I., the castles of the
Cliffords were laid waste; this time, (about 1650), they
were restored by a woman, Anne, Countess of
Pembroke, of whom we have already spoken. Amongst
the castles restored by her is the ancient fortress
of the Cliffords, in the pleasant market town of Shipston.

Following the course of the river, an easy walk
brings us to Eltham, a delightful & healthy resort situated on

on the edge of Rumbold's Moor - a broad gut now
dividing the ^{sharp} valley from that of the Ais. It
is said to be named from the Giant Rumbold, who
left his foot mark on the Corn & Clay Rocks, above
Renskydding in stepping across from the cliffs
on the opposite side of the valley. Another story is
that Rumbold's Moor preserves the name of William
de Cornhill, the first Norman Baron of Shropshire.
The present importance of Shley rests upon its
hydrographic establishments, Renskydding,
Shley Wells House, &c., but the brief little town
is interesting to the antiquary for other reasons:
Roman remains are ~~and are~~ continually turning
up, the outlines of a Roman fortress are yet to
be traced, & rudely carved 'Saxon Crosses' are
preserved in the church-yard, before even
Saxons or Romans came, Shley appears to
have taken rank as a British city, and has
been satisfactorily identified with the "Alconia"
which Ptolemy sets down amongst the cities
of the Brigantes.

Between Shley & Otley there is a fine reach
of the Wharfe valley, verdant, well wooded, with
the broad full river flowing through it, backed by
high crags & containing two or three interesting
places - Larnley Hall, with reminiscences of Turner
& a very valuable collection of his pictures,
Denton Park, there was the ancient hall of the
Fairfaxes, & Weston Hall. Otley, a pleasant
market town, has some Fairfax monuments in
its interesting church. Otley Chievin, a fine
hill, near 1000 feet high, falling steeply to the town,
commands a glorious view, not only of the
Wharfe, but of ^{above} the whole of the valley.

in fell after fell, the strata dip at the self-same
angle, an evidence of the existence of that
"Craven fault", which affects the whole district.
From the bottom of the fells the aspect of the scene
is very wild; enormous crags are scattered about
the grey sea rises steep & awful before you, leaning
forward with ^{rough} butting brow as if in the act to fall & crush out
life.

without a doubt that the provincial towns of Europe
that the ancients in Europe were a very different thing; over the long centuries
of those of England are essentially different.
There is a difference in the way of life, in the way of thought, in the way of feeling, in the way of action.
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Let us glance for a moment at the great
medieval towns. In this day, the manufacturing
& commercial centres of Europe. The famous cities of the Hansa, like the illustrious
republics of northern Italy, were all free towns;
no feudal lordship overshadowed them, no
remote state authority directed their public
works: therefore each city developed according
to the mind of its own people; customs, laws,
edifices, all expressed what may be
called the municipal character. The
sense of the community as to what was
fitting for such & such purposes & occasions.
Hence, every stone of the antique civic buildings,
every shred of tradition as to the old customs,
is full of interest as showing us what manner
of men these medieval citizens were.

Do the great cities of our day offer any
parallel to those of the Middle Ages in this
point of autonomy, the self-government &
self-development which gives to a great
town a philosophic interest, as being, in its
institutions & edifices, as in its customs
the outcome of the common mind?

The cities of continental Europe which belong
to the past are, for the most part, richly individual.
While those whose aspect & character are due to
the influences of the present display the
dreary uniformity, often splendid enough,
which befits the state organization; magnificent
structures.

